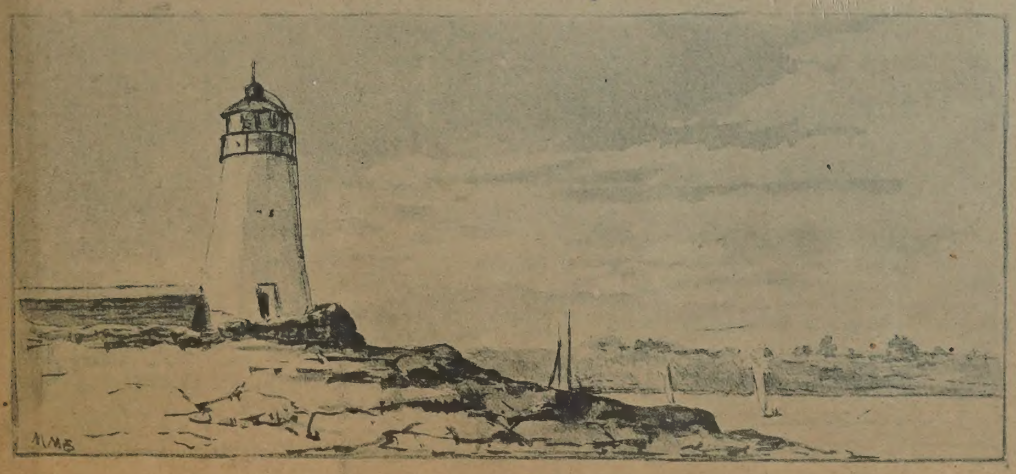
MARBLEHEAD SKETCHES

by

Annie Ashby Agge

Mary Mason Brooks



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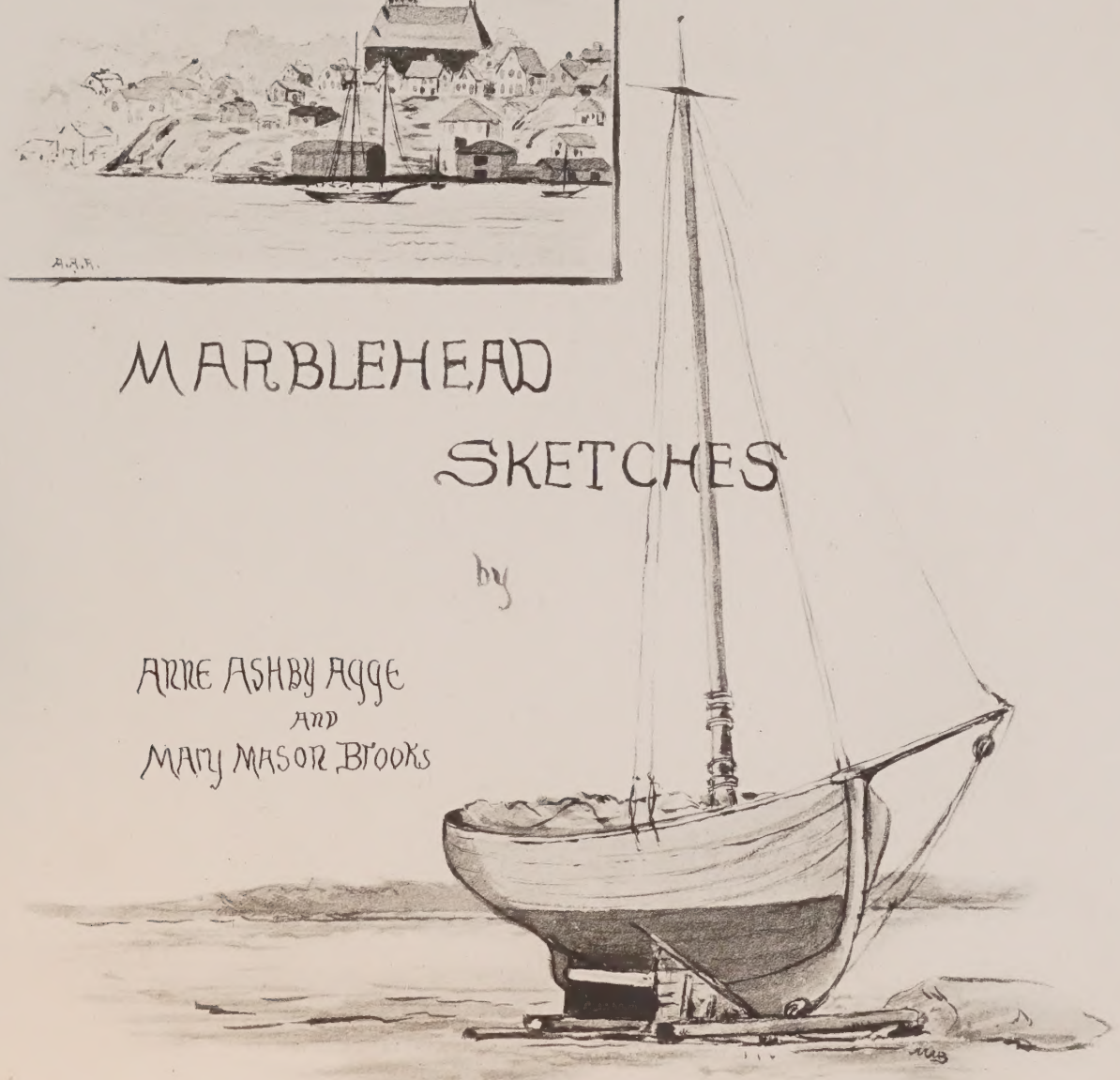
ANNE ASHBY AGGE
AND
MARY MASON BROOKS



In winter quarters

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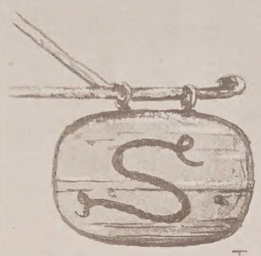
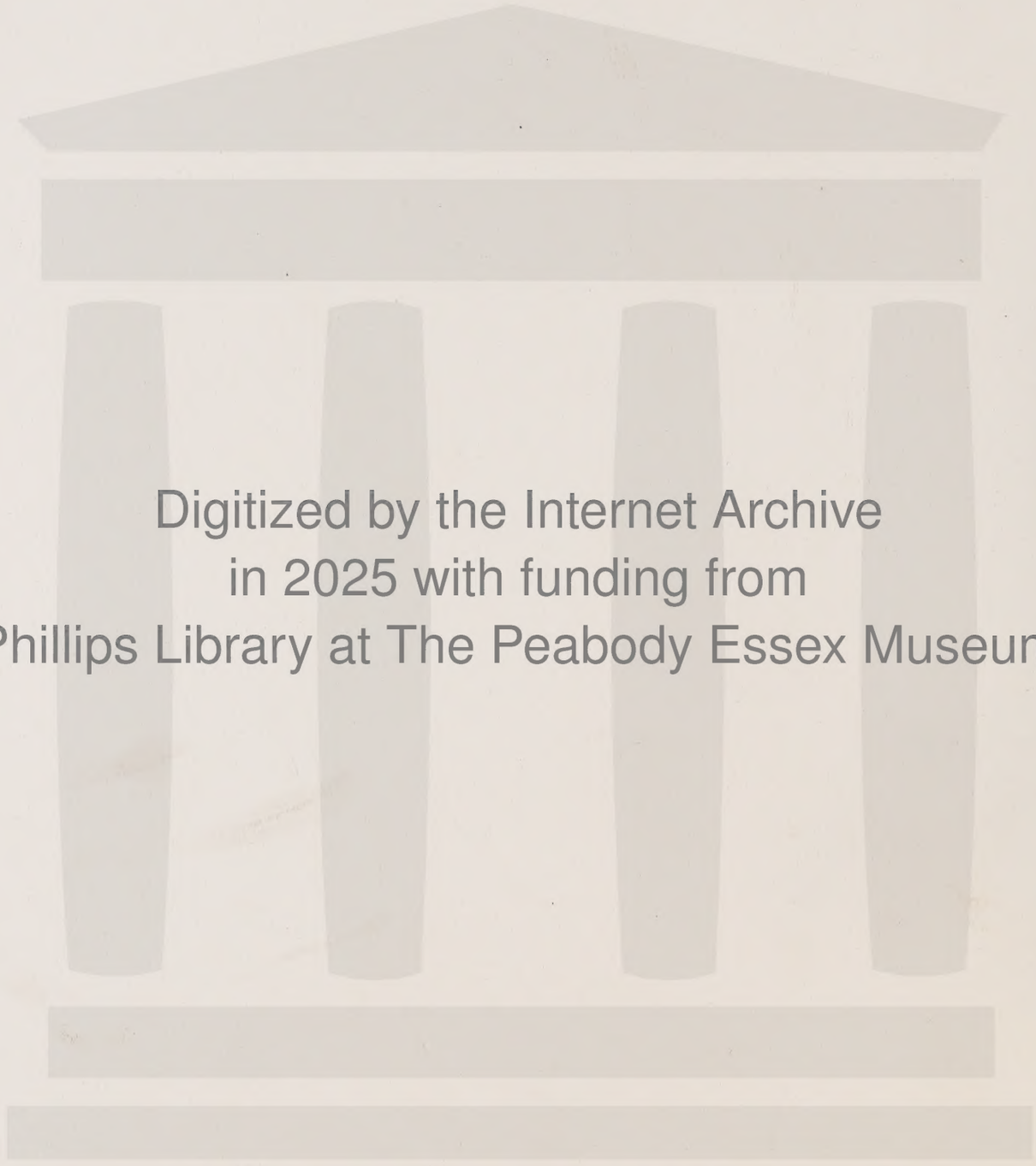


Something it has a flavor of the sea
And the sea's freedom -
Its faded picture
Dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco
Of the ancient town.
I have not touched
With warmer tints in vain.

[Whittier]



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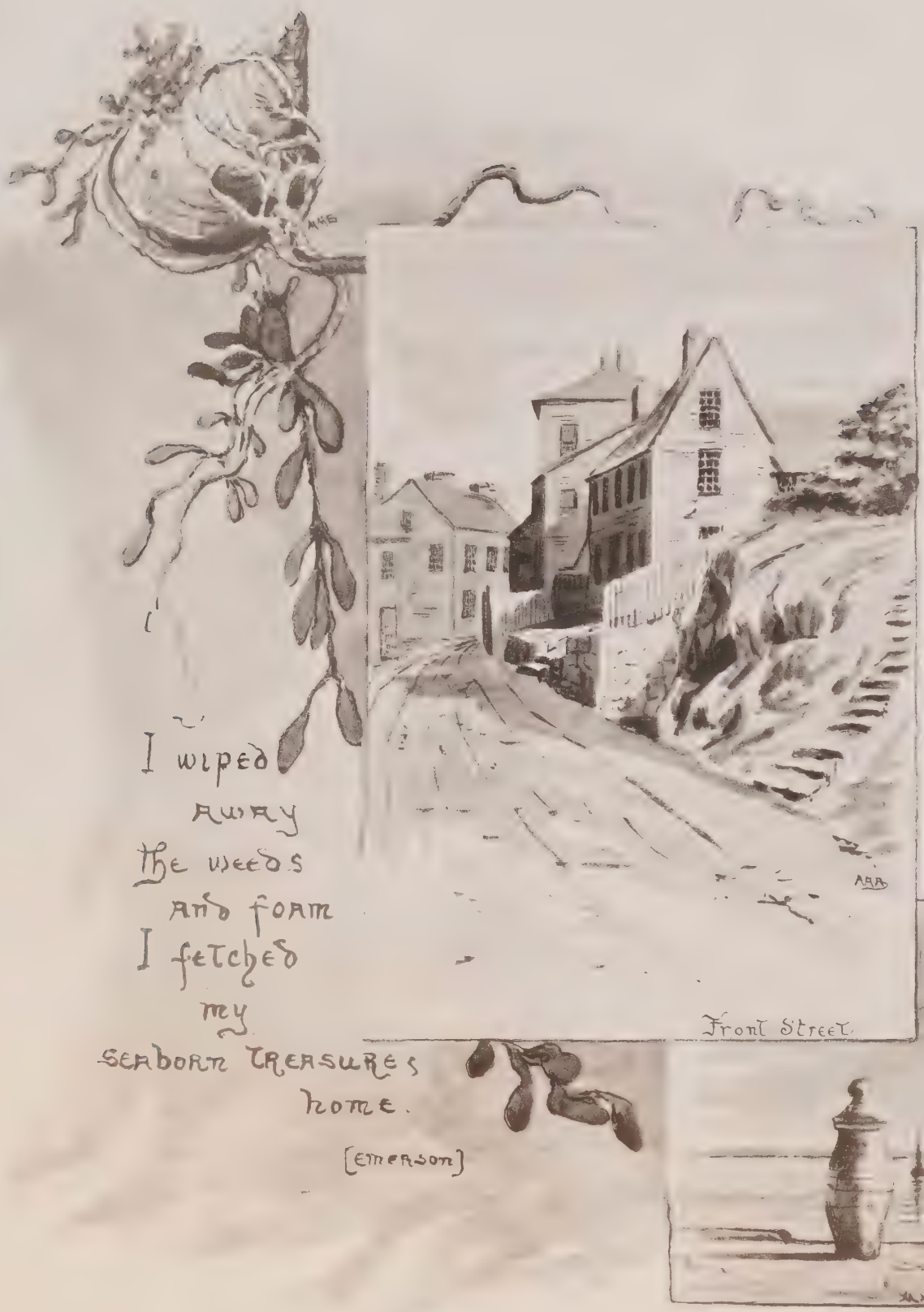

I wiped
away
the weeds
and foam
I fetched
my
seaborn treasures
home.
[Emerson]
Front Street.

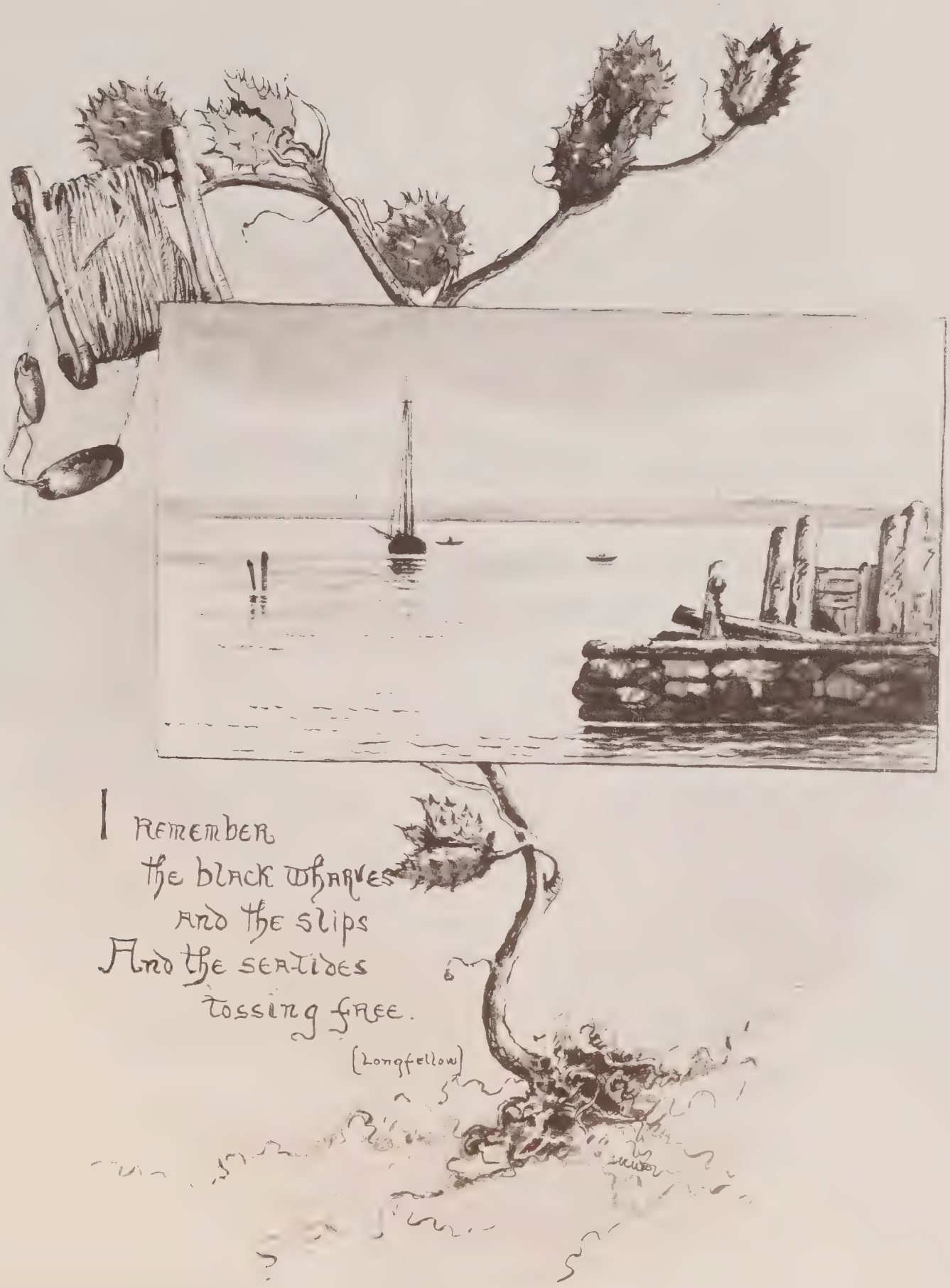
We may build more splendid habitations

But we cannot buy with gold the old Associations.

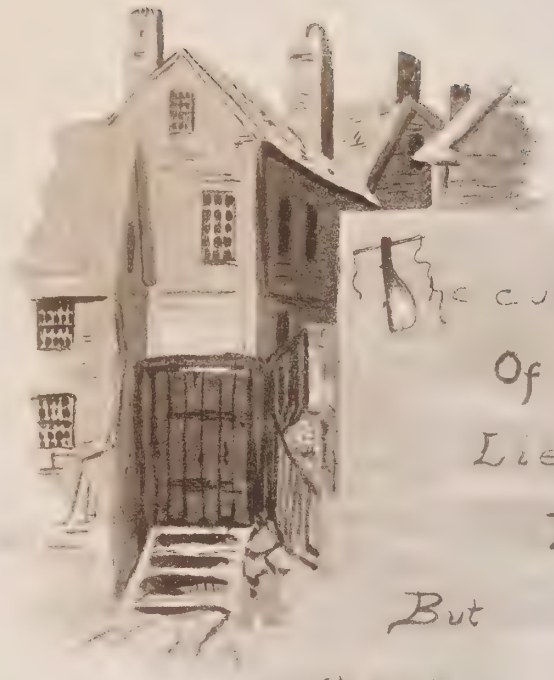
(Longfellow)

A place for idle eyes and ears
A cobwebbed nook
of
dreams.
Whittier

Down Among the Wharves.



I Remember
the black wharves
and the slips
And the seatides
tossing free.
(Longfellow)

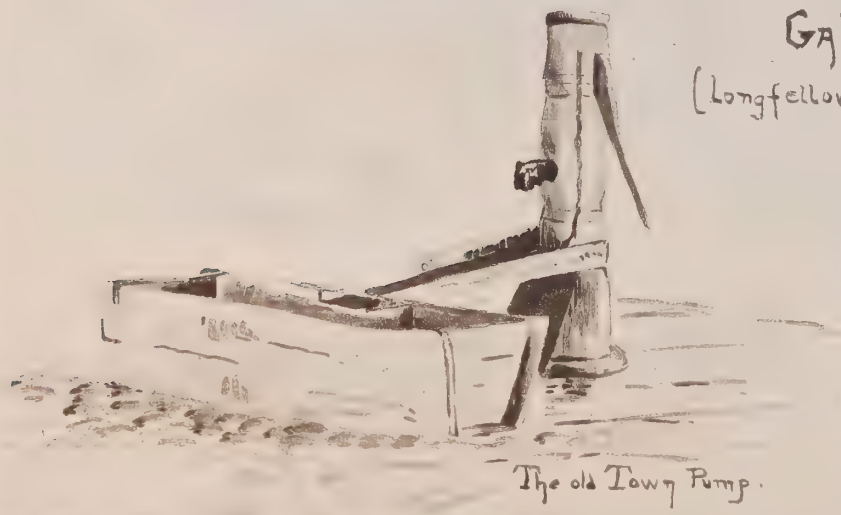


The curved strand
Of cool gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low
But
soft and
slow
Is creeping
higher
up the
lea.

Devereux Beach

Quaint old
Town
of
Toil and Traffic

Memories haunt
thy Pointed
Gables.
[Longfellow]



The old Town Pump.

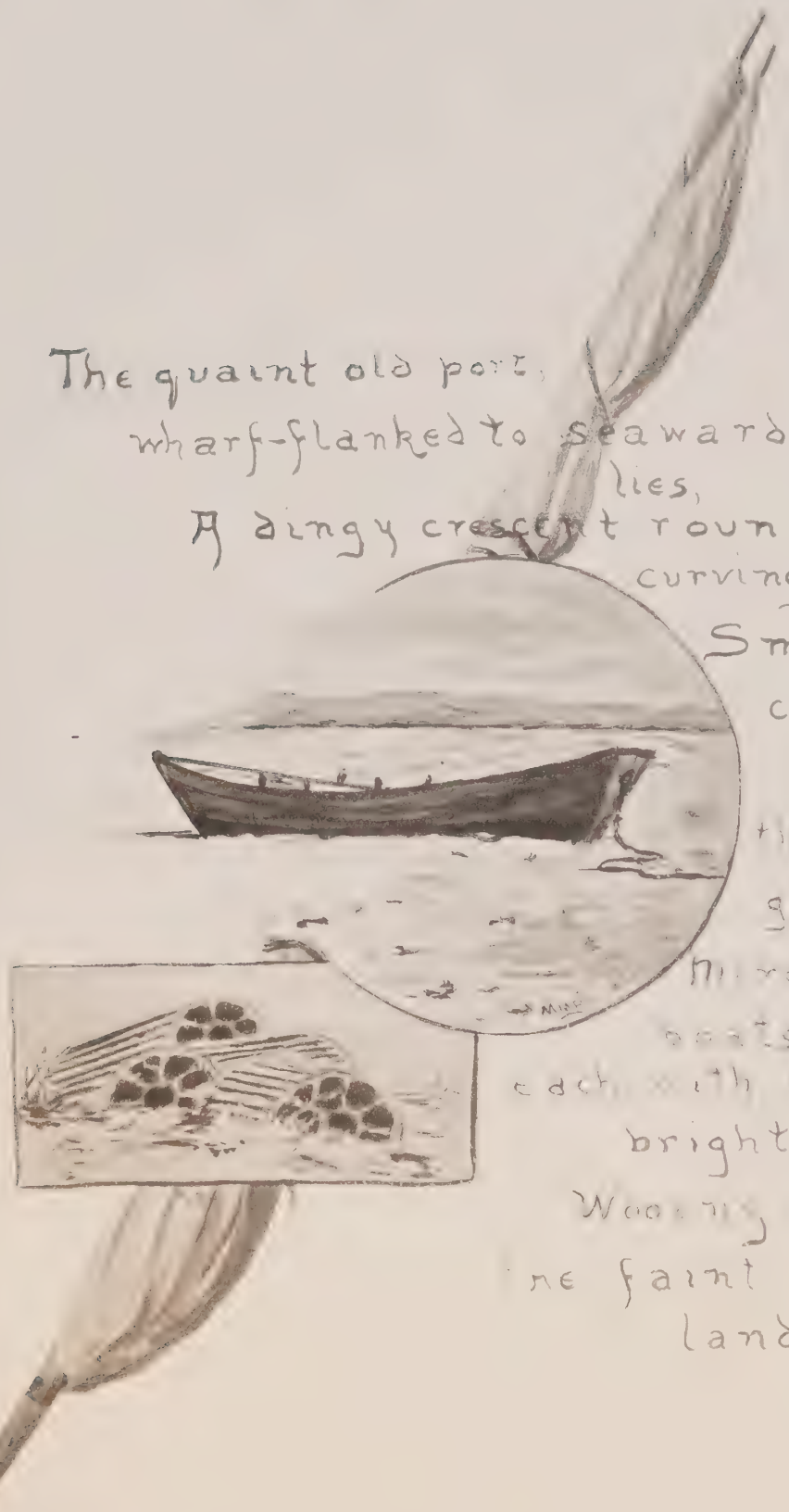
On the road to the old Powder House.

For far away
we
saw the
port,
The strange
old-fashioned
silent town,
The
light-house
The dismantled fort
The wooden houses
Quaint and brown.

[Longfellow]

Fort
Benc

We cast our line
Along the shore
In stormy wind and rain;
And every night we land
our nets
Till daylight comes
again.



The quaint old port,
wharf-flanked to seaward,
lies,
A dingy crescent round the
curving bay
Small
cruising craft
about
the harbor
glide,
mere chips
boats,
each with its one
bright wing —
Woo
the faint
land-wind

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